Pat as I told you: yonder ſhe comes. *Enter* Thiſby.
Thiſ. O wall, full often haſt thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire *Pyramus*, and mee.
My cherry lips haue often kiſt thy ſtones;
Thy ſtones, with lime and hayre knit now againe.
Pyra. I ſee a voice: now will I to the chinke,
To ſpy and I can heare my *Thiſbyes* face. *Thyſby?*
Thiſ. My loue thou art, my loue I thinke.
Py. Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy louers Grace:
And, like *Limander*, am I truſty ſtill.
Thiſ. And I, like *Helen*, till the fates me kill.
Pyra. Not *Shafalus*, to *Procrus*, was ſo true.
Thiſ. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.
Pyr. O kiſſe mee, through the hole of this vilde wall.
Thiſ. I kiſſe the walles hole; not your lips at all.
Pyr. Wilt thou, at *Ninnies* tombe, meete me ſtraight way?
Thy. Tide life, tyde death, I come without delay.
Wal. Thus haue I, *Wall*, my part diſcharged ſo;
And, being done, thus wall away doth goe.
Duk. Now is the Moon vſed betweene the two neighbors.
Deme. No remedy, my Lord, when wals are ſo wilfull, to heare without warning.
Dutch. This is the ſillieſt ſtuffe, that euer I heard.
Duke. The beſt, in this kinde, are but ſhadowes: and the worſt are no worſe, if imagination amend them.
Dutch. It muſt be your imagination, then; & not theirs.
Duke. If we imagine no worſe of them, then they of themſelues, they may paſſe for excellent men. Here come two noble beaſts, in a man and a Lyon.

Enter Lyon, *and* Moone-ſhine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whoſe gentle hearts do feare
The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe, that creepes on floore)
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When Lyon rough, in wildeſt rage, doth roare.
Then know that I, as *Snug* the ioyner am

A Lyon fell, nor elſe no Lyons damme,
For, if I ſhould, as Lyon, come in ſtrife,
Into this place, 'twere pitty on my life.
Duk. A very gentle beaſt, and of a goo
Deme. The very beſt at a beaſt, my Lo
Lyſ. This Lyon is a very fox, for his v
Duk. True: and a gooſe for his diſcre
De. Not ſo my Lord. For his valour ca
cretion: and the fox carries the gooſe.
Duk. His diſcretion, I am ſure, cann
For the gooſe carries not the fox. It is v
diſcretion, and let vs liſten to the Moon
Moone. This lanthorne doth the horne
Deme. He ſhould haue worne the hor
Duk. He is no creſcent, and his hornes
in the circumference.
Moone. This lanthorne doth the horn
My ſelfe, the man ith Moone, doe ſeeme
Duke. This is the greateſt errour of al
ſhould be put into the lanthorne. How is
Moone?
Deme. He dares not come there, for
you ſee, it is already in ſnuffe.
Dutch. I am aweary of this Moone. W
Duke. It appeares, by his ſmall light
hee is in the wane: but yet in curteſie,
muſt ſtay the time.
Lyſan. Proceede, Moone.
Moon. All that I haue to ſay, is to tell
thorne is the Moone, I the man ith Moo
my thorne buſh, and this dogge my do
Deme. Why? All theſe ſhould be in the
theſe are in the Moone. But ſilence: her

Enter Thiſby.

Th. This is ould *Ninies* tumbe. Where is

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